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CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

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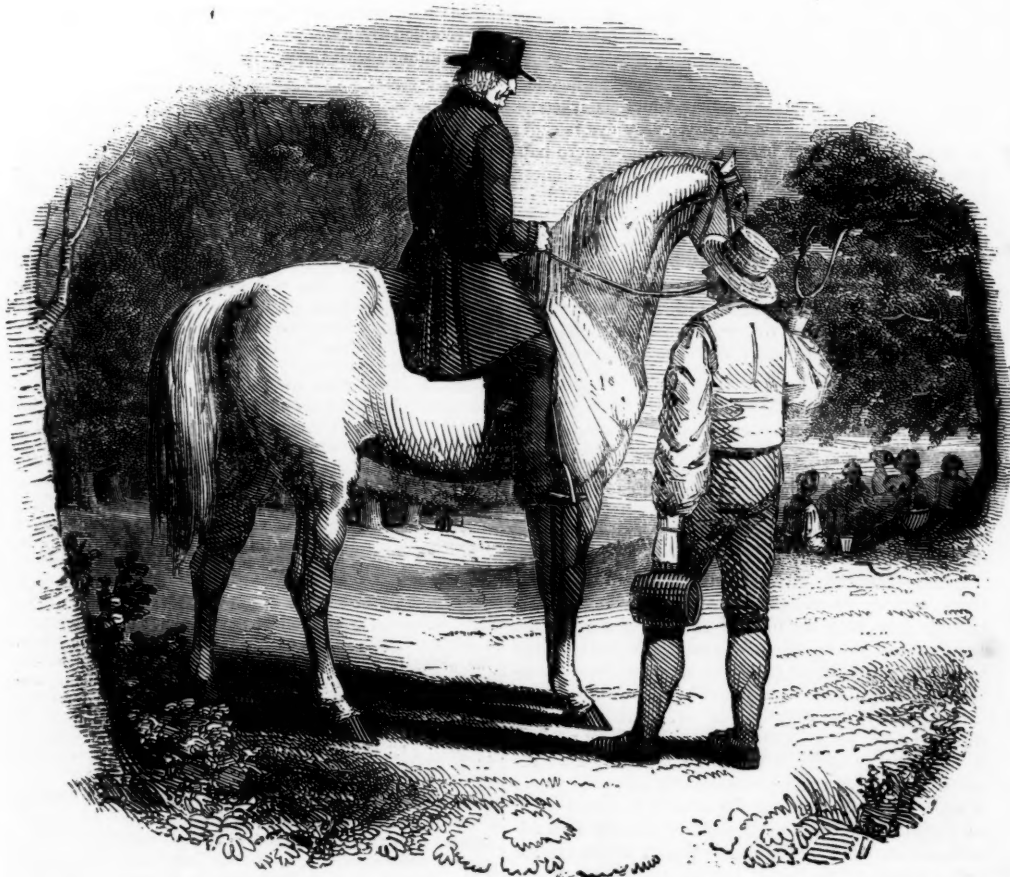
SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1841.

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THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. II.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,
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ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXX.—THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

NONE but those who have resided in rural districts can have any idea of the importance and popularity in his own contracted circle, of the Country Squire. He is a prince in miniature. Not only the servants in his own establishment, but the peasants in the locality, are his subjects. His name is with them a household word. He is the never-ending theme of their conversation. The most favourable construction is put on his most equivocal actions; and the virtues he possesses, and the generous deeds he performs, are viewed through a glass of a marvellously magnifying power. He is all but idolized. No sacrifice would be deemed too great by the neighbouring peasantry, which could increase his gratification, or add to his happiness. He is the sun of the little world in which he moves. His will is a law; his pleasure has only to be known to be obeyed. A nod or a smile from the Country Squire is the very perfection of earthly bliss to the peasant who has the good fortune to receive it. An approving look or a kindly word lightens the heaviest labour, and renders pleasant that which is irksome. When "riding out" in his locality, every eye is eager to catch his, and every hat, or head where there happens to be no hat, is touched in token of honest, though rude obeisance. He is loved, esteemed, almost idolized by all around him. He knows nothing except by report, of the disappointments, the hollowness, the heart-burnings, the mortifications, the envies, peculiar to the artificial society of populous towns. No wonder then, that poets paint in glowing colours, and philosophers pant for, the unsophisticated pleasures of country life. Those only who have lived alternately in crowded cities and in rural districts, can fully feel the force of the truth embodied in the lines of Cowper,

"God made the country, and man made the town."

The occupations of the Country Squire are few and simple. He daily rides around his lands in summer, and converses with the more experienced peasantry about the state of the weather and the appearance of the crops. In winter, he is chiefly to be seen about the farm-steading, giving instructions to his men. Once a week he rides to the neighbouring market town to meet with his brother squires of the county, and to ascertain the prices of grain. In the evenings he sits for an hour or two over his after-dinner tumbler of toddy; and if no friend be with him to share his hospitality, he eagerly cons over either the provincial paper, or some daily London journal of four or five days' antiquity. When he takes up a metropolitan paper, his reading commences with the prices of agricultural produce; in the case of the local print, he begins at the beginning, namely, with the first advertisement. His notions on political topics are not very accurate or profound, but he knows enough to make him a warm partizan of Church and State. He is a thorough tory, and the tory candidate going the

country, can always rely upon his "vote and interest." He is a most strenuous supporter of the corn laws: he potently believes in the propriety and advantages of good prices for agricultural produce. With those who cry out for cheap bread, he has no sympathy. The higher the price of the quartern loaf, the better in his opinion for the country. The clamours of the manufacturers and artisans for the extinction of the corn monopoly, appear to him to be altogether ungrounded. The agitation so often got up in large towns on this subject, he at once pronounces to be supremely absurd. Why the agitators are not like himself, contented with things as they are, is to him altogether incomprehensible. Stop every mill in Lancashire, shatter all the machinery in the kingdom in countless pieces, perish for ever trade and commerce, "rather than that wheat should not bring a certain price per quarter," is the motto of the Country Squire. And yet there is nothing unkindly in his nature,—he is, on the contrary, a good-hearted man. His creed is the consequence of his imperfect education; and its errors are only to be rectified by a more enlarged and more intimate acquaintance with the schoolmaster.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

THE refinements of fashion, the duties of the toilet, and what compose the elegant amusements of young women, should, on no account, unless in very particular instances, impede their course of instruction in the more useful and lasting duties of domestic life. To preserve a house, however mean or however dignified, in the best possible order, to have a knowledge in making up of female attire, and to be learned in the divers processes of cookery, are, in general, absolutely essential; that is to say, if young women have any ambition to be placed at the head of a domestic establishment suitable to their rank and prospects in life. The house being the appropriate kingdom of the wife, it is necessary that she should be thoroughly mistress of all its details, and in no instance be left at the mercy of strangers or servants, who, even if anxious to please, seldom possess an education which renders them competent to carry on a household in its different parts. By a close, yet tempered, supervision on the part of the mistress of the establishment, a corresponding degree of comfort, peace, and saving of expence, is produced, and by her laxity or carelessness, exactly the opposite results take place. Without proper discipline and firmness, all the cares of the young wife may be frustrated. I think it is Miss Edgeworth who says, in one of her excellent novels, that the greater proportion of the miseries of life proceed from taking things for granted. The good wife takes nothing for granted. She gives forth her orders distinctly, and if requisite, sees them executed. Let those things be impressed on the minds of my fair young country-women. William Cobbett, who has written a good deal on the value of industry in household affairs, has well said, "that the lover is blind; but that the husband has eyes to see with. He soon discovers that there is something wanted besides dimples and cherry cheeks; and I would (says he) have fathers seriously reflect, and to be well assured, that the way to make their daughters to be long admired, beloved, and respected by their husbands, is to make them skilful, able, and active in the most necessary concerns of a family. Eating and drinking (continues he) come three

times every day; the preparations for these and all the ministry necessary to them, belong to the wife; and I hold it to be impossible, that, at the end of two years, a really ignorant, sluttish wife should possess any thing worthy of the name of love from her husband. A woman who understands all things above mentioned is really a skilful person; a person worthy of respect, and that will be treated as such."

"How great is the change (says a respectable female writer) which is instantly effected in the situation of a woman by the few solemn words pronounced at the altar! She, who the moment before was, perhaps, a careless member of one family, finds herself, as if by magic, at the head of another, and involved in duties of the highest importance. If she possess good sense, her earnest wish will be to act with propriety in her new sphere. The married and single state equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and the mind. Sincerity, discretion, a well-governed temper, forgetfulness of self, charitable allowance for the frailty of human nature, are all requisite in both conditions. But the single woman being, in general, responsible for her own conduct solely, is chiefly required to cultivate passive qualities. To fall easily into the domestic current of regulations and habits; to guard with care against those attacks of caprice and ill humour which disturb its course; to assist rather than to take the lead in all family arrangements, are among her duties: while the married woman, in whose hands are the happiness and welfare of others, is called upon to lead, to regulate, and command. She has to examine every point in the new situation into which she is transplanted; to cultivate in herself, and to encourage in her husband, rational and domestic tastes, which may prove sources of amusement in every stage of their lives, and particularly at the latter period, when other resources shall have lost their power to charm. She has to proportion, not, as in the single state, her own personal expenses merely, but the whole expenditure of her household, to the income which she is now to command; and in this part of her duty there is often exercise for self-denial as well as for judgment. The condition of her husband may require her to abandon, not only habits of expense, but even those of generosity. It may demand from her a rigid adherence to economy neither easy nor pleasant, when contrary habits and tastes, under more liberal circumstances, have been fixed and cultivated. Such alterations in habit may at first be regarded as sacrifices, but in the end they will meet their compensation. Sometimes, however, the means of indulging liberal and generous propensities are extended by marriage. Where this is the case, that extreme attention to economy, which circumscribes the expenditure very much within the boundaries of the income, would betray a narrow and mean spirit, and would have the effect to abridge the blessings which by affluence may be dispensed around.

"No woman should place herself at the head of a family without feeling the importance of the character which she has to sustain. Her example alone may afford better instruction than either precepts or admonition, both to her children and servants. By a 'daily beauty' in her life, she may present a model by which all around her will insensibly mould themselves. 'Knowledge is power' only when it fits us for the station in which we find ourselves placed. Of all the social domestic and personal obligations of the young wife, her husband is the centre: when they are properly discharged, his welfare and happiness are certainly promoted; and his esteem, affection, and confidence established on a permanent basis. In neglecting them, he is neglected, his respectability diminished, and his domestic peace and comfort destroyed. One who,

selfishly regardless of family duties, leads a life of dissipation and amusement, whose heart and soul are in the world, and never at home, is worthless as a wife or mother. She neglects the chief and positive duties of life, without fulfilling those of a minor character with any good effect. At home her example is injurious, and if abroad she possess any influence, it is merely of a temporary nature, resting, probably, on no securer ground than that of fashion. In portraying the *beau ideal* of a married woman, I should describe one not absorbed in any single part, but attentive to the whole of life's obligations—one who neglects nothing—who regulates and superintends her household concerns; attends to, watches over, and guides her children, and yet is ever ready to consider, in moderation, the demands upon her time, which the numerous and various claims of society may make. Such appears to me to be a right sketch of the character of the married woman.

"The first year of a woman's married life is not always most free from vexations and troubles. She carries into one family the prejudices and habits of another, which sometimes prove so different as to cause the task of assimilating herself in her new character, to those with whom she is henceforth to dwell, to be both painful and difficult. If she be solicitous to promote unanimity between her new connexions and herself, she will, perhaps, examine how far she can yield up her own opinions, and render herself agreeable to her new relatives. By yielding a little she may establish herself firmly in their affections. Much of the comfort of the married state depends on the good temper of the wife. Even should the temper of the husband be peculiar, she may, by having the command of her own, lessen some of its bad effects upon the happiness of the family; and though she may not be able to avert them entirely, yet she will derive much satisfaction from knowing she has not increased the evil by her own want of forbearance and good humour. Good temper in a wife is, indeed, indispensable to conjugal happiness. A man may possess every advantage which the world has to give, and may have talents that render him a valuable member of society; yet if his wife be contentious, fretful, or discontented, his sum of happiness is most incomplete. Every man, whether employed in the duties of public or of professional life, meets with numerous circumstances and disappointments which harass and distress him. For the painful effects of these, a happy home provides an instantaneous antidote. Every thing beyond its walls seems for a time forgotten, while the mind is relieved, and its powers renovated for future exertions in the world, by the healthy air of cheerfulness which he breathes in the domestic circle. How important then it is, that the wife, by her amiable conduct, should obtain that influence over her husband's mind which will prompt him to turn frequently from the world to her society, for happiness and refinement."

Mrs. Parkes on Domestic Duties.

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—No. V.

THE only poetical contributions we have received since our last article under that head, for which we can find room, are two in number. The first is entitled

A MAIDEN'S DIRGE.

WHERE the grass is fresh and green,
Daisy-spanglets all between;
Where the vale's best lilies bloom,
And the rosemary sheds perfume;
Where the world and earthly woes
Cannot trouble thy repose,—

Gently we have laid thee down,
 Heritor of glory's crown!
 Tears shall not be shed for thee,—
 Thou hast triumphed gloriously,
 Through the might of Him who bled
 In the guilty mortal's stead!
 Yet when we beheld thee fading,
 Sorrow's blight thy soul o'er shading,—
 While we sat, the hours to number,
 Round our loved one's dying slumber,
 Anguish words can never speak
 Flowed awhile on every cheek!
 When we took thy gentle blessing,
 'Neath thy feeble arms caressing;
 When we watched life's faintest trace
 Sinking from thy pallid face;
 When we saw thee close thine eye,
 When we heard thy parting sigh;
 While to fancy's mystic ear,
 Seraph warblings hovered near,
 And, escaped from earthly doom,
 Heav'nly hands conveyed thee home,—
 Then our bosoms gushed with pain—
 Then we wished thee here again!

Yet we all may shortly be,
 Gentle sleeper! blest with thee,
 And rejoice to meet thine eyes,
 In the fields of paradise!
 Death may come, and on the morrow,
 Wake again the wail of sorrow—
 Mercy grant that all we love,
 (Earth resigned,) may meet above!

W. B. RANDS.

The other is written in a different strain. It is from the pen of an Edinburgh correspondent, and is headed

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

I saw two orphan sisters mild,
 When bloom of early youth and joy
 Had brightened their fond hopes;—when wild
 The joyous laugh, proclaimed the child
 Untutored but in nature's ploy,

And oh! how happy then!

O'er sunny bank, and mountain side,
 And in the lone sequestered dale,
 I saw these orphan children glide;
 Where, wand'ring by the river side
 As gently blew the morning gale,
 They prattled o'er with childish glee
 Their buoyant thoughts of hope and joy;
 Whilst glowing fancy, ever free,
 Would picture forth new scenes of glee
 Where all was bright without alloy.

"Lo! mark, Cythana, yonder ray
 Of ever pure and beauteous light;
 See! how the sunbeams sweetly play,
 And gilds the fleeting clouds of day—
 Oh! saw you ever aught so bright?"

"Nay, sweet Ereena,"—soft she cried,
 "You ever gaze and look on high,
 You never mark the flowers of pride
 Which deck this lonely mountain side
 In calm and silent majesty.
 Methinks that now your fancy strays
 To purer realms above yon sky,
 Where spirits join in endless praise,—
 And ever new the song they raise
 In holy love to Him on high."

'Twas thus that these two orphans fair
 Would wander by that mountain stream,
 And as they plucked the wild flowers there,
 They joyous wreathed their gayest dream.

And when the dewy clouds of night
 Hung listless o'er the summer's sky,
 Then would these maiden orphans bright
 When wandering by the pale moonlight,
 Slow waft their anthems to the sky
 In deep-toned melody.

Years passed away ere in that dale
 Again I wound my weary way;
 The brook slow murmured down the vale,
 And fragrant was the vernal gale;—
 All nature smiled,—but where were they,
 Those orphan maidens fair?

They rest in peace—but far away
 From that sweet spot their childhood's home;
 Far, far across the foaming spray,
 'Midst beauty wild, but ever gay,
 Those orphan sisters rest alone.
 They rest in peace! and wild flowers spring
 In radiant beauty o'er their grave,—
 While flowering shrubs their odours fling
 O'er groves, where feathered choristers sing,
 And warble forth across the wave
 Their tuneful songs of glee.

A. W.

THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

A MERRY, jovial party was assembled round the fire at Squire Clinton's mansion, on the night of the 29th of December, 1795, drinking the squire's health (for it was his birthday) in a steaming bowl of punch.

The large eight-day clock, that occupied so snug a situation by the side of the fire, had just struck nine, and the watchman's heavy tramp and heavier voice announcing that it was "past nine o'clock," had come within earshot, when the squire requested that some of the party would sing a song. As is usual in such cases, all the young ladies present remembered that they had got severe coughs or sore throats, and the young gentlemen,—“why, they—didn't sing.”

“Well,” said the squire good-humouredly, “so none of you will sing.—I must confess, in the words of these bashful young gentlemen, that ‘I never learnt,’ but I can tell you a tale, if that will do as well.”

“Oh, do, pray do!” cried the party.

The squire having whetted his memory (and his whistle) with a glass of punch, commenced.

“My birth-day in the year '88,” said he, “was very differently spent. I was then residing in Paris, and had invited some of my acquaintances to wish me ‘many happy returns of the day,’ when my servant entered, and informed me that two men were waiting in the hall to speak with me. I had scarcely left the room when I was seized and forcibly dragged to the entrance-door; I resisted as much as I was able, but in vain; a pistol was held at my ear, and I was threatened with immediate death if I did not proceed quietly. As soon as we reached the street, I inquired of the ruffians whither they were conducting me, they replied, ‘to the Bastille!’ I demanded their authority, and they produced a *lettre de cachet*, signed by the king. This was sufficient,—I knew that there were no hopes of an escape, and all the bright prospects which I had once imagined were opening around me, faded away as the huge gate of the Bastille swung back on its hinges, and the dismal sound of the key grating in the lock, told me I was a prisoner—most probably for life! This reflection made me desperate,—I struggled with my guards, but the next instant I received a violent blow, and I fell insensible.

“When I recovered I found myself in darkness.—I groped about and soon discovered that my prison was not

more than eight feet wide, and perhaps about ten in length.—But why was I here, what crime had I committed? I attempted to recall to my recollection the events of my last day's liberty, but I could assign no reason for my treatment, except my having told a friend that I considered Louis in the light of a tyrant; but then, how could this have reached the king's ears? I was confused, distracted, maddened! At length my gaoler entered, and setting a jug of water and a loaf by my side, was about to leave the cell, when I sprang upon him and felled him to the ground. I darted through the open door, and threading a maze of dark galleries, totally unconscious and indifferent where they would terminate, was suddenly arrested by loud screams from a dungeon, the massive iron door of which was partially open. Curiosity prompted me to enter,—it was the torture chamber! Round the walls of this horrid cell were suspended various instruments of torture, and in the centre was the rack, on which a poor wretch was evidently undergoing the most execrable torments.

"Who was concerned with you?" demanded the torturer, straining the rack till the sufferer's limbs were torn from their sockets. His eyes appeared starting from his head as he replied, 'I will never reveal his name!'—but I heard no more; my arms were pinioned by some person from behind me, and I was carried back to my cell.

"How long I had remained here I had no means of calculating; day and night were the same to me;—I was in perpetual darkness. A small hole through the wall ventilated my prison, but as the next dungeon was as dark as that in which I was confined, no light was admitted through the aperture.

"I had several times fancied that I heard groans proceeding from the adjoining chamber, and at last I determined to ascertain who was the inmate and what punishment he was undergoing. I accordingly placed some planks, which had served me as a bed during my imprisonment, against the wall, and was enabled to clamber up to the aperture which I before mentioned. The scene which I beheld was indeed shocking:—the unhappy prisoner was an old man; I should say at least seventy years of age. He was confined in an iron engine which had been contracted until his head almost touched his feet,—he was, in fact, bent nearly double, while the floor of his cage was literally covered with rats, lizards, toads, and every kind of loathsome reptile. I called to him, but he either did not hear me, or could not reply, and I was obliged to descend to my cell without his having seen me.

"I now supposed it must be summer, for my prison was so hot that I could scarcely breathe, and I prayed earnestly for death to release me from my agony; but I was spared to witness a sight that remunerated me for all my troubles. One morning I was awoke by the sullen roar of artillery; hurried footsteps echoed through the gallery in which my cell was situated, and occasionally a shout or a loud huzza broke the deathlike silence of the prison. I listened eagerly, but could gather nothing from the whispered conversations which were constantly occurring between some person and the sentinel who was stationed near my door. The sound of footsteps became more frequent, and the roar of cannon grew louder. I imagined that some important prisoner had escaped, and that perhaps the citizens were protecting him. At length the noise and uproar died away, and I concluded that it must be night; yet I was unwilling to go to sleep, and I sat at my door, listening: and now a fresh and agonising idea entered my imagination; I had not seen my gaoler for two days, and my bread and water were exhausted, and, thought I, they now intend to starve me! I shuddered at the idea, and attempted to console myself with the hope that my jug

would be replenished and my provisions furnished, as usual, next morning.

"The day was ushered in by a renewal of the previous night's confusion; the tramp of footsteps once more resounded through the passage, but the gaoler came not. I shouted, screamed, and battered against the door, but to no effect,—my prayers, entreaties and threats were not attended to, and I was left to starve! I sat down in an agony of despair and wept like a child. A loud shout aroused me.—Sacred heavens! was it possible? did I hear aright? Yes; triumphant cries of 'The Bastille has fallen!' reverberated through the fortress. The next instant the door of my cell was thrown open, and I was free!"

A PERSIAN EXECUTION.

WHEN we halted, I found myself enclosed in a dense ring of spectators, in the midst of which stood a great brass mortar, raised on a mound of earth, and beside it, stuck in the ground, was a linstock with a lighted match. The mussukchees ranged themselves on each side of this engine; and it was not without some difficulty that I succeeded in gaining a favourable position. Having taken my station I began to look around me, and saw the officers of justice still pouring into the circle, which was widened for their reception by dint of blows. After them, or rather between two of them, came the prisoner. She was enveloped from head to foot in a black robe, which also covered her face: her step was firm and her carriage stately; she frequently spoke a few words to an eunuch that accompanied her, but the noise was so great that I could hear nothing of their discourse. As she approached the spectators became more quiet, and when she had reached the mortar not a sound was to be heard. They led her in front of the mortar, and yet her step never faltered; neither did she speak or implore, as is common for even men to do in her situation; neither did she curse as some do; neither did she weep: they told her to kneel down with her breast against its muzzle, and she did so. They put cords round her wrists and bound them to stakes, which had been driven for the purpose; still she showed no signs of emotion. She laid her head upon the mortar, and awaited her fate with a composure that a soldier might have envied. At length the signal was given, the match was raised, it descended slowly, and at the moment it was about to touch the powder, an audible shudder ran through the crowd. The priming caught fire—a sickening suspense followed—a groan burst from the spectators—the smoke passed away—no explosion followed—and the unfortunate wretch raised her head to see what had happened. A faint hope glimmered in my own heart that perhaps this was a device to save her life, but she was not permitted to live long. It had scarcely begun to rise within me when I saw the priming renewed, and the match raised again. The condemned wretch laid her head once more on its hard pillow, and uttered a low groan, as if her spirit had parted. It had scarcely been uttered when the explosion took place, and the smoke covered every thing from my view. As it gradually cleared away it drew a veil from over a horrid and revolting spectacle—the two bodiless arms hung with their mangled and blackened ends, from the stakes to which they had been bound, and a few yards distant lay a scorched and shattered foot and leg. No trace of body or head remained, and a few tattered remnants of clothes were all besides that were left. The arms were unbound from the stakes, and two women, who had issued from the ark at the sound of the explosion, rushed to the spot, seized them up, and concealing them under their veils, hurried to the harem with these proofs that the demands of justice had been fulfilled.—*Visit to the Harem.*

AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. IV.

PASSING for a moment from the region of politics, let us enter the field of literature, and give the autograph of him who occupies at this moment the most distinguished place in his department of it; we mean

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

Few persons would dream of attempting a forgery of such an autograph as this!

Boz is still a young man notwithstanding his great

celebrity, being, we believe, under thirty years of age.



MR. O'CONNELL.

The autograph of the great agitator comes next. The

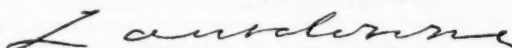
one which we have preserved, is by no means the best specimen of his penmanship we have seen.



Though upwards of threescore years have passed over the liberator's head, he is still a hale, healthy, muscular man. It is our impression that he is destined to live to an advanced age.

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

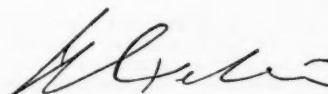
The noble marquis writes a small hurried hand, and sufficiently illegible.



He is about the middle height, but of a thick make. His age is about fifty-seven. He made his appearance in public life, as lord Henry Petty, about the same time as lord Brougham; and his friends were partial enough to think that he would outstrip the noble and learned lord in the race of popularity. The event has told a very different tale.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

We conclude our autographs for the present number with that of a well-known bishop, the possessor of the see of Exeter.



We have not often seen a finer hand than Dr. Phillpotts writes, when his pen is good and his mind at ease. He has been comparatively quiet in the House of Lords during the last session. He is on the borders of his sixtieth year.

In our next number we shall chiefly confine our autographs to those of eminent literary men.

THE STRIKE.

A TALE OF THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

PART THE SECOND.

DEEPLY, oh, how deeply, were the events we have recorded in the last chapter impressed upon the memory of one whom it is now our duty to introduce to the reader. The hours of eleven, of twelve, of one o'clock, were successively told from the steeple of the village church, but still Alice Stewart sat by the fast dying embers, waiting in a state of feverish anxiety the return of her husband. Her little girl, the only pledge of their union, now in her fifth year, was reposing calmly on her mother's bosom, unconscious, perfectly unconscious of the harrowing feelings which were working there. Yes, harrowing indeed they seemed to be. Again and again she glanced her eyes at an open book which lay upon the table, as if to catch from thence some sweet consoling word, but again and again she withdrew them, incapable of collecting her thoughts, while tears followed tears in quick succession down her finely moulded cheeks. I have sometimes met with beauty amongst the aristocracy of the land, arrayed in rich garments, and surrounded with jewels and pearls; I have met

with it more frequently amongst the middling classes, and more frequently still in the cottages of the poor. Yet amongst the *tout ensemble*, none that I have hitherto seen, will for a moment bear comparison with this simple unaided child of nature; none in my eyes ever possessed such exquisitely turned or more expressive features, and those too in such perfect unison with each other. She was indeed lovely.

Yet need I say that the beauty and fairness of a flower is no security against the rude and chilly blast of an autumnal day; and though Alice Stewart was virtuous as well as lovely, it was no safeguard against those afflictions which we must all meet with in our passage to the grave. Five years before the period that my tale commences, she had been led to the altar of the parish church by one who was eventually doomed to be the source of all her sorrows. Roger Stewart was that man. The first three, nay the first four years of wedded life passed happily away; not a cloud crossed over their path. Stewart was diligent in business, persevering, upright, an affectionate husband, and a tender parent. In the receipt of rather high wages with moderate expenses, he was saving too, and generally contrived to lay by something monthly, in readiness against a day of trouble. His house was a neat brick

building, filled with good substantial, and even ornamental furniture, surrounded with a small but well-kept garden. As far as business would permit, he was himself always neat and clean in person, and so uniformly temperate, that 'as steady as Roger Stewart,' had almost become a proverb in the village.

But many a bright morning has been overcast, ere the sun has arrived at the meridian; and many a man has commenced life, not with good resolutions only, but good actions, whose latter days have presented a very different scene; it was thus with the subject of my tale. One fine evening towards the latter end of April, about three months before the commencement of the strike, he had gone, in compliance with the wishes of a friend, to a political meeting, held in the suburbs of the town of B—. The speaker was one of those few who possess in a high degree the splendid gift of oratory; one who could command, and lead with him the feelings of an audience. Not noisy in language, nor extravagant in manner, he spoke with energy and pathos, described in such glowing colours, the grievances, the miseries of the working community, that his audience were one and all inspired with the demoniacal feelings of hatred and revenge. "And is there a remedy for all this?" he asked at the termination of his speech. Can this Cain-mark of oppression, which like the brutes which perish, you all bear, be cancelled? Yes, thank God, there is. Union, and that alone, must be the watchword of your liberty, the stepping-stone to your proper position in society. Awake then, my friends, my brethren; for a moment look around you; the light clouds in the eastern sky are already heralding in the dawn of better times. You have been too long inactive, too long the slaves of your oppressors. Resolve for the future to act up to your characters as men—as men possessing human hearts and human feelings."

"And why should the working people of this country be considered as little superior to the brute creation? why should gold be made the standard of political rights?" reasoned Roger Stewart to himself as he walked home that evening. A spark which hitherto lay latent in his bosom, had been kindled by the speech which he had heard delivered; an appeal had been made to his feelings, and that appeal had not been made in vain, for from that hour politics became with him an almost all-engrossing topic. He became a member of a political union in the adjoining town, and began regularly to attend its meetings. This took him but little from his home, and the change in his conduct was at first hardly perceptible, even to his wife; but the discussions which would now and then arise between some half-dozen at these meetings, were not unfrequently adjourned to the ale-house, and though Stewart at first refused to join them, the temptation eventually became too great, and a month had not passed over his head, before he might often be found there. His wife, who clung to him with fond affection, now became seriously alarmed, and again and again remonstrated with him on the line of conduct which he was pursuing, and the consequences which it must inevitably lead to; and though at such times he promised to reform, again and again he broke his resolution, and gradually and almost imperceptibly passing from bad to worse, before three months had elapsed, he was a confirmed tavern-goer.

It was about this period, that the firm in which Mr. Hamilton was partner, and at which Stewart worked, gave notice of the intended reduction in wages. Stewart was one of the foremost in opposing it, in resisting what he had now learned to term the grinding tyranny of their oppressors. Conscious that he possessed sufficient savings to maintain himself and family in the manner he had always done, for three, six, or even twelve months to come, he

cared little for the misery which it must infallibly bring upon his neighbours, and was most assiduous in persuading every workman in the manufactory to join their standard, with what success we have already seen.

Idleness is the parent of vice, want, and misery, was the remark of a truly good man, and how forcibly was it delineated in the history of Roger Stewart! Weeks passed away, and having nothing to employ his time, first his evenings and then his mornings were continually spent in the ale house. There to a chosen few he would dilate on his favourite topic, discuss the politics of the day, and anticipate the time when the masters must yield, and the cause of the working man must triumph. Daily he became more and more debauched, more and more insensible to the reproofs of conscience. Often was he seen between twelve and one o'clock at night, reeling home in a fit of drunkenness, and on more than one occasion, was he taken before the magistrates after a night spent in the station-house, for disorderly conduct on such occasions. What must have been the feelings of his wife under these circumstances, we will leave the reader to determine. Her spirits were crushed. Instead of performing the duties of the day with that life and buoyancy which always characterised her, that happy smile which told how lightly care sat upon her brow, she passed through them without the slightest activity or vigour. Whenever her husband was from home at night, carousing with his vile, his dissolute companions, she invariably sat up for his return, and those cold solitary hours bore witness to many agonising tears, to many heart-rending scenes of anguish, and to many wrestling prayers; and those prayers were always heard, were often answered; for there is One on high, blessed, for ever blessed be his name, who has compassion, One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and can say to the troubled spirit, "Peace, be still." But did not all this cruel unmanly treatment in some degree alienate the affection of the sorrowing Alice? Oh! mention not the word; it must be more than an earthly power, which can shake the love of woman when that love has once been fully fixed. No, if any thing she loved him with greater fervour, with increased intensity! fondly did she cling to the hope that he would one day be reclaimed, and this like a ray from heaven supported her under all her trials; for this alone she seemed to live.

But how difficult is it to foresee where the first false step may lead! When a man has once turned from the path of moral rectitude, silenced the scruples of his conscience, and commenced a life of vice, it is difficult to say where he may stop. About a fortnight before the attack upon the house of Mr. Hamilton, Roger Stewart, so lately a moral, upright man, might have been found at a secret meeting of those men who had been ejected from his employment, swearing—solemnly swearing to stop at nothing short of blood, in order to satiate his revenge. And was this an empty threat? would that it had been! The reader is already acquainted with the attempt that was made to put it into execution, and the manner in which it was providentially averted.

The night upon which the incidents we have narrated happened passed away, the following morning dawned, and soon the news of the attack upon the house of Mr. Hamilton, the capture of two of the robbers, with the successful escape of the remaining one, spread like lightning throughout the town and neighbourhood. The account given by the constable that he and his comrade had tracked him as far as the village of Nettledean, and there lost sight of him, was in every man's mouth, and dark suspicions as to who the robber was, repeatedly crossed the breasts of several, though no one ventured to give them utterance.

To Alice Stewart, the account exaggerated in no slight degree (as even murder was included) was related by a neighbouring gossip; and had the awful notes of the archangel's trumpet at that moment sounded in her ear, it could hardly have produced a more terrible effect. Hitherto her husband had not breathed to her a syllable upon the subject; and though his conduct on the previous evening had certainly appeared to her somewhat strange, she had ascribed it all to the effects of drink. But now a dreadful presentiment of the truth flashed across her mind. The time of his arrival at home exactly corresponded with the hour at which the constable lost sight of him, which connected with his agitation, breathless state, and a thousand other incidents previously unnoticed, tended to remove even the shadow of a doubt. Her cheek became pale as marble. That heart which often throbbed with the impulse of pure virtuous love, now beat high with the violence of contending emotions, and bounded against her snowy bosom as if it would burst its prison walls; her limbs refused to perform their office; a thick film gathered over those beautiful dark eyes, generally so expressive, and she had scarcely time to reach her dwelling, only a few doors distant, before she fell senseless on the ground. She recovered after a brief interval of unconsciousness, but it was only to feel a keener sense of her own misery—only to find how "real the pang" she had received, how cureless, how utterly "cureless was the woe." Her husband, the only person in the room, was kneeling by her side bathing her temples with vinegar, his countenance expressing deep anxiety; and when she caught that look of sympathy, directed towards her, a look which she had not beheld since holier and happier times, it aroused her more sensibly than the strongest restorative. "Tell me," she exclaimed after a few moments' pause, by which time she had recovered sufficient strength to speak, "tell me, Roger," had you a hand or not in the murder of Mr. Hamilton?" "Had I what?" replied her husband in unfeigned surprise, regarding her at the same time with a look of horror and astonishment. "Do you for one moment imagine, Alice, that I could have a hand in —?" "Oh pray do not deceive me," she almost shrieked as he paused at the word murder, "but if you have one particle of love remaining, relieve me, oh, relieve me from this suspense. Speak, Stewart, speak," she continued, as she perceived him hesitate, "and answer me, as I fear you must one day answer for it at the bar of your God."

"I had not, then, Alice," he replied, "I solemnly swear that I had not; but for heaven's sake be a little more composed;" and when her agitation had in some measure subsided, he related the occurrences of the previous evening, and the manner in which he had been induced to join them.

"Then no one was murdered, not even a hair of his head injured," exclaimed Alice as he concluded, starting up and clasping her hands together with convulsive energy. "Oh! thank God, thank God; you have removed a load from my breast, which would soon have sent me to the madhouse or the grave."

"Although I was one of the foremost," continued Stewart, "in convening the meeting I have referred to—one of the foremost in calling for revenge, I little thought that I should be one chosen to carry our evil designs into execution. But so it was; three were elected by ballot as we were about to break up. My name was amongst that number, and when it was announced, had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, it could not have awoken stronger terrors. I came home and retired to rest, but smarting under the scourgings of an accusing conscience, sleep was a stranger to my eyes. It pointed to the green fields of honesty and uprightness from whence I had wandered, the precipice

on which I was standing, the abyss into which I was about to plunge; and while it lashed me, and that severely too, yet called upon me to awake from my slumbers, to break the spell that bound me, and like the returning prodigal, "arise, and go to my Father." That night my resolution was taken. It was wrong, but I then persuaded myself that it was right; I had solemnly sworn to be faithful to my companions, and I *was* faithful. But," he continued after a pause, his face beaming with a smile of pleasure, "I was faithful to my master too, and upon the very day on which his life was to be sacrificed, contrived to inform him by means of an anonymous letter of the plot which awaited him, and he thus took the necessary measures to frustrate our designs."

"Blessed be God, that you can say so," exclaimed Alice, "I thank him much that your crimes seem to have arisen more from impulse than reflection. But you must leave this place, dear Roger, leave this country as speedily as possible; for though I consider you almost guiltless, in the eyes of the law you would be guilty."

"I have thought upon that subject," replied Stewart, "and hardly think it would be politic to leave my home; suspicions, now dormant in the breasts of many, would instantly be awakened. As I am sure that my pursuers did not know me, and almost as sure that my companions would not betray me, I have every reason to hope I shall be safe, and—"

"And would you for one moment place any confidence in men, who hesitate not at the crime of murder?" interrupted Alice. "No, Stewart, it must not be. For all you know, the villains may already have betrayed you; the officers may be already in pursuit, and it is only by eluding them that you can escape (she shuddered at the word) the scaffold."

"What then, am I to leave?"

"Leave all behind—your goods, your wife, your little one—start this evening as soon as the darkness can hide you, and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, you may be many miles distant from these shores. Seek an habitation in some distant land, and there will I follow you, in some secluded spot, where we may yet again be virtuous and happy."

Stewart after a short time was persuaded, and resolved to follow her suggestions. Luckily, within the last few days, he had drawn all his money from the savings bank, amounting to nearly thirty pounds, ten pounds of which he determined to leave with Alice, and the remainder take himself, which though not much, he considered would be amply sufficient for his voyage. A change of apparel, with a few other necessities, were also prepared by this affectionate woman; and by the time that every thing was ready the sun had disappeared in the western horizon, and they both sat down till the shades of evening closed around them, or in other words, till their parting should arrive, with heavy hearts.

The clock had chimed the hour of seven about a quarter of an hour, it was fast growing dusk, and eight had been fixed for the departure of Stewart. Unable to continue long inactive, lest the tears, which every moment were ready to burst forth, should betray her feelings, Alice endeavoured to keep herself employed by preparing a parting meal for herself and husband. For this purpose she went to the little butcher's shop, which was situated in the middle of the village,* to make the necessary purchase, and was in the act of being served, when a stranger

*There is generally some district in the immediate neighbourhood of our large manufacturing towns, in which the noise of the hammer is not heard—the tide of smoke, and steam, and vapour will not flow. Such was this place.

from the adjoining town, who seemed however to be well known to the proprietor of the shop, came in. After two or three common-place remarks, the conversation turned to the occurrences of the previous evening, when the butcher observed "that it was a strange thing that the runners had lost sight of him at that very village—particularly strange." "Yes," replied the stranger, at the same time turning towards Alice with a sly mysterious look, it *might* be to admire her beauty, "but I hears they've got a scent of the willain. I passed two officers on the road, who has a warrant against a man living not a hundred miles from this 'ere shop, and they'll soon be upon him I reckon."

Alice leaned for a moment against the door for support; her strength had well nigh failed her, but it was only for a moment. She felt the absolute necessity of immediate exertion, and her energy rose in proportion to the danger. Hurrying home, she communicated the intelligence to Stewart. He was for immediate flight, but she was not. "The officers may meet you as you pass along the village, meet you perhaps at the very door; or should you happen to take a different route, may get information and overtake you before you have proceeded half a mile. Follow my advice, and you cannot but be safe."

At the time that Stewart was diligent and persevering, before he attended political meetings, before the ale house was his constant resort, he had, in compliance with the wishes, and for the convenience of his wife, undertaken to form a cellar under their little parlour. The excavation had been about half completed, when—. But we forbear. In this state it had been left unfinished; and Alice despairing of its being ever touched again by him, had replaced the boards which had been removed, and covered them with the matting which served them for a carpet. Had the thing been made for the purpose it could not have afforded a better hiding place, and into it Stewart was forthwith ensconced, the boards again replaced, and the furniture ranged around, that it might if possible, elude observation.

It was about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes after this was completed, to Alice Stewart it appeared almost an age, when as she sat apparently busy with her needle, her quick ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and the tones of a strange deep voice, which appeared to stop just before the door. She felt her heart beat high and her breath come thick at this truly trying moment, and laid down her work in a state of breathless suspense, which she had scarcely done, when the little gate was heard to swing upon its hinges, followed at almost the same instant by a loud knocking at the door. Alice Stewart immediately rose from her seat, and proceeded thither. She had vanquished her little agitation, and now appeared calm and collected, though her countenance was deadly pale. Notwithstanding all her resolution, however, a half suppressed scream proceeded from her lips as she upraised the latch; three men with fierce repulsive looking features, stood before her, who without one word of recognition or apology, immediately entered the house.

"And so you say, madam, that you know where this precious villain of a husband is?" exclaimed one of the unfeeling officers, after he had vainly questioned Alice respecting him for a few minutes, "but will not give us any information. Well, well, it matters little, I'll warrant we shall soon get some clue to him, whether you will or not, so now, old Newsome—Taylor—search the house."

The men instantly obeyed the command, and forthwith commenced a vigilant search. Beginning with the room in which Alice was seated, they proceeded through the house, ransacking every hole and corner. Not an apartment was left unpryed into; not a single suspicious article untouched. They examined narrowly every chimney,

closet, pair of drawers; peeped under and at the top of every bed; examined likewise the outside of the house, garden, wash-house, copper, water butt, and in fact, every nook and crevice big enough to hold a good-sized rat, yet all to no purpose. Stewart was nowhere to be found, and irritated by their want of success, after half an hour's fruitless search, they returned to the apartment where Alice had remained.

"So you had better now look to yourself, you —," exclaimed the same officer as he entered the room, (thinking to frighten Alice) at the same time garnishing his language with a few bitter oaths, "or we'll have a warrant out against you before to-morrow morning, as an accomplice. I am however desirous to give you one more chance, and again, for the last time, ask you, will you tell us where he is?"

"No," replied Alice firmly, "I will not."

A pause for a few moments ensued, and the officers, muttering between their teeth, were preparing to depart. They had arrived at the threshold of the house, and had already raised the latch, when one of them suddenly turned towards Alice, and stamping against the ground with his foot, which he had done several times before, exclaimed, "Is there no cellar under here, marm—the floor appears to sound uncommonly hollow, very much as if there were." This was indeed a question; their previous ones Alice had either refused to answer, or in accordance with the dictates of her conscience, had spoken nothing but the truth. But now the temptation was too great; an answer must be given. She started, hesitated for a few moments, and then replied faintly, "There is not." "There is not, eh! my pretty lady," rejoined another of the men in a sarcastic tone, almost before the falsehood had fallen from her lips, "then where the deuce does this lead to?" and turning round, Alice perceived him in the very act of raising one of the boards which led into the cellar. She could scarcely believe her senses—she was completely paralysed with surprise, and uttering an involuntary scream, hurried from the room, the victim of feelings which it would be impossible to conceive, much less describe. The men, exulting in their discovery, immediately proceeded one by one into the cellar, and before five minutes had elapsed, Stewart, though he made a desperate resistance, was in the hands of the officers of justice.

INTERESTING CASE OF SHIPWRECK.

FROM THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN LENNON.

THE year 1798 beheld Captain Lennon in command of the brig General Keppel, belonging to Mr. Barry and another gentleman of Martinique. The General Keppel had been a French privateer, was a remarkably fine vessel, partially armed, and well manned. Having sailed from Martinique to Philadelphia for a cargo of dry goods, chiefly nankeens, on her homeward passage, on the 28th of August, in latitude 23° north, she was struck by a white squall, and instantly capsized. This unhappy disaster occurred during the chief mate's watch, to whose unpardonable inebriety and somnolency it was entirely attributable. At the moment of its occurrence Captain Lennon was below in bed, as well as an old French gentleman, a passenger; both sprang to their feet, at the same instant a surge of the ship (their berths being immediately opposite) hove them together, their heads came into violent contact, and they fell back insensible into Lennon's berth. How long they remained thus, the captain had no means of knowing; his first restoration to sense was by finding the water washing about his face. Collecting his scattered ideas, he grasped the standard of his bed-place to prevent his

being washed forward by the rush of water pouring down the companion-way, which was placed aft. His still insensible comrade, the old Frenchman, had his arms wound firmly round the captain's waist; from this death-clutch, Lennon, then in the full vigour of manhood, speedily disentangled himself. Carefully watching the surging of the ship, he worked his way, step by step, against the increasing rush of water, until he gained the foot of the deck-ladder. Grasping the fixtures with life-like tenacity, he profited by every roll to heave himself upwards. At length, when nearly exhausted, his head became visible to one of his crew, seated upon his vessel's broadside. Perceiving the desperate position of his commander, the seaman sprang to his aid, and having passed a rope round his body, Lennon was dragged to a place of temporary security. All eyes were instantly turned to him for help; each heart trusted to him, as though he were the arbiter of their doom. The half-drowned wretches collected around him on the larboard broadside, comprising the somnolent inebriated author of the calamity, the second officer, and starboard watch; the greater portion of the larboard watch, together with the poor old Frenchman, had been drowned, in consequence of the vessel filling at all the hatchways. Upon the promptitude and energy of one man hung the fate of the unhappy survivors. Now was the moment for a master-mind to develop its resources, and it was not long ere Lennon gave proof of his. He quickly perceived that the brig was struggling hard to right herself—rising partially with each heave of the sea. The nankeens, not yet saturated, made the hull peculiarly buoyant, but the sails being full of water, rendered every effort of the brig unavailing. To spill the water from the sails was therefore Lennon's anxious desire, as he was loath to proceed to the extremity of cutting away the masts. She had capsized with a single reef in her top-sails, the order was therefore given to cut through the parrels. Scarcely, however, had the command escaped him, ere it was revoked, our captain being fearful that ultimate safety would be perilled by the time necessarily required for its execution.

"Hold on!" cried he; "out knives, lads, and stand by to cut away the lower lanyards."

The steel did its work; the strands were divided—the masts quivered—a heavy surge, and they snapped in twain—and in a minute or two more the vessel righted. They had little cause of congratulation, nevertheless; every hope of saving her was in vain; she was nearly filled, greatly by the head, with a heavy list to starboard, and no part of her above water except a small portion of the after part of the quarter-deck. No time was to be lost; the jolly-boat was instantly lowered from the stern davits, and secured in safety under the lee of the wreck. It was a fragile bark, having been built as a sort of handy punt for Lennon's private use. The next aim was to float the launch, but the task was one of the utmost difficulty, inasmuch as it had become encumbered with the wreck of the fallen mainmast, and the stream-cable had been coiled away within it. When, however, life is the stake, work goes on rapidly and wonderfully. The lashings were cut, lumber forced aside, and the launch became freed, and secured beside the jolly-boat. A barrel of apples, a case of claret, a puncheon of water, and various other necessities floated out of the hold, and were stowed away. Purposing to make a storehouse of the launch, Captain Lennon found she could only, with safety, contain eight hands—the jolly-boat would be crowded with six, and as there were still two-and-twenty persons alive, eight more remained to be provided for. To achieve this, a raft was the sole alternative, to construct which they turned to with earnest zeal, and so solidly was it framed, that it carried

several heavy articles, having a bulwark formed of the hen-coops.

The captain now experienced the utmost difficulty in restraining the passions of his crew. Inflamed with revenge against the chief mate, they loudly demanded his life as the penalty for their sufferings. Availing himself of the power which bold and enterprising spirits invariably exercise over their fellows, Lennon demanded and obtained attention.

"My men," said he, "whatever *your* losses, they are far inferior to mine. Our dangers are equal—our chances of escape alike. Under such circumstances, our sole aim should be which shall best work out our deliverance. Would the death of a fellow-creature restore your ship to the position in which she lately was, or would it free you from present difficulty? No. Shame, then—forego such evil designs; for, rest assured, he who imbrues his hand in blood, will never reach land alive."

This address of the captain had the effect of lulling, if it did not entirely dissipate the human storm; and having now remained many hours by the wreck, it became imperative to distribute the survivors in their different means of projected deliverance. The time had been well spent. Lying by the lee of the wreck—a rope fastened to the stump of the foremast—the indefatigable Lennon had cut the royals and other light canvas from their yards, and without even the aid of palm, needle, or twine, had formed suits of sails for his diminutive squadron.

Their immediate departure became urgent, for although the brig had upset at about four hours thirty minutes A.M., still so much time had been consumed in the requisite preparations, that sunset was now rapidly drawing nigh; and in such latitudes, with the departure of the sun, the approach of darkness is almost simultaneous. It was of moment then that a division of the crew should be effected ere night closed in. This the captain proposed to accomplish by lot. Placing himself upon the common footing of equality, he took two-and-twenty apples—six he left in their natural state, to represent the six individuals who were to buffet the billows in the jolly-boat; eight were slightly notched, to indicate those designed for the launch, which might have contained a larger number of men, had she not unfortunately been much injured whilst being got clear of the brig, in consequence of the want of tackles to hoist her out; besides this, she had become the repository of drowned ducks, fowls, and other stores that floated from out the wreck. Eight more apples were marked with a double notch, for the mariners of the raft. Thus prepared, they were deposited in a hat, and being well shaken, were handed to an American Indian, who stood aloof from the others on the raft, which was some distance ahead of the boats. Drawing an apple at a time, the captain called "Who takes number one?" The party replying received the apple, and according to its distinctive character, betook him to the vessel it represented. Lennon's choice was the last; it consigned him to the jolly-boat, although he would gladly have given the launch the preference—the crew of which were most anxious to exchange him for the second mate. Lennon, however, adhered to the original contract, fortunately, in all probability, for the chief mate, whose lot was cast with that of his commander.

Scarcely had their distribution been achieved, ere the wreck went down so suddenly that they were forced to cut adrift, and use every energy to avoid being engulfed with her. There they lay, without compass or instruments whereby to steer a course, or means of any kind to direct them. It was of the utmost consequence that the little fleet should keep together; and to insure that, as far as possible, no division of stores was made. At this time the launch contained a number of drowned ducks and

fowls, two cases of claret, a few kegs of biscuits, all saturated with salt-water, and about a bushel of apples. On the raft there was a puncheon of water, and the drowned poultry in the coop-barricade. They were within the track of the trade-winds, and according to the reckoning of the preceding day, the Virgin Islands bore about S.S.E. 320 miles. Both boats having taken the raft in tow, sail was got upon them, and thus passed their first adventurous night. Early next morning the captain boarded the launch, and opened one of the cases of claret, giving so small a portion to each person, that a bottle sufficed for the whole. The strictest caution was enjoined that no one should help himself, but that all should be served at the same moment. One man had a lot placed in his hand, and turning his back, another inquired, "Who shall have this?" and so on, until all had shared alike. The second day was employed in fitting weather cloths for the boats, as well as a mast and sail for the raft. Towards night it came on to blow hard, and the sea getting up, they were obliged to cast off the tow rope. So badly, indeed, was the jollyboat adapted to the elemental strife, that had not the captain, by the aid of a pair of oars, kept her bow to the sea all night and part of next day, she must inevitably have foundered.

The instant the sea at all went down, Lennon, although at considerable risk, bore up in quest of the raft and launch. Examining his stores, he found them to consist of a keg of wet biscuit, eight-and-twenty apples, and the milch goat, that had escaped in consequence of her having been in the launch at the time of the disaster. The jolly boat continued to run to leeward until dark, when, being unable to see any thing of her unfortunate consorts, and the weather becoming more settled, the captain thus addressed his fellow-sufferers:—

"It is highly improbable that we shall ever be able to fall in with our shipmates again. To persevere in the present course would be folly: for although the raft must of necessity go before the wind, yet the first land she can make would be the Bahamas. Now, as the Virgin Islands are so much nearer, they should naturally be our point of attainment. Through God's mercy we may be spared to reach them, even if we do not fall in with some friendly ship ere then."

One and all approving of the captain's proposition, the boat's head was turned towards the wished-for port.

On the 1st September, the wind shifted all around the compass. This change was accompanied with such torrents of rain, that the wave-weary wanderers were compelled to lash an oar athwart their mast, to form a ridge, across which they spread their sail, that it might afford them some shelter from the overpowering deluge. Lennon suffered greatly from this inclemency, having made his escape with no other clothing than a shirt and thin pair of drawers. Six days of misery and privation were thus dragged through; the seventh was also about to close, when, to their ecstatic delight, three sail were descried to leeward. The wind being light, they shaped their course so as to cut off the nearest, which proved to be the brig "Harlequin," of Bermuda, captain Styles, from Barbadoes, bound to Baltimore. Upon getting alongside, the shipwrecked crew were received with all the kindness and humanity their weakly state rendered so necessary. Five of their apples remained, together with the poor goat. The fate of the launch (afterwards ascertained) was less propitious. Her crew were driven to the dire extremity of casting lots, and of the eight souls she departed with, but three were permitted to land. These were Mr. Jones, the second mate, and two others. A portion of a fifth body remained in their boat, which, from the period of their separation, had been four-and-twenty days in reach-

ing Abico, one of the Bahama groupe. There they debarked, and strolling along the beach in quest of food, two of them encountered a party that had arrived from Providence for the purpose of cutting wood. Making their wants known, they received immediate relief, and went in search of Mr. Jones, who had separated from his comrades. After some time they found him—he was dead. It seemed as if he had expired in the act of stooping to lick the water from the cleft of a rock. The raft and its victims were never more heard of. Had they been able to keep company, in all human probability, the mental resources of Lennon, which appear always to have risen with the emergency, might have spared the human sacrifice, and preserved the other fragment of an ocean-wasted world. Lennon felt confident of making the land in safety, even had he not encountered his kind friends of the "Harlequin." Upon his arrival in America, Lennon applied to his agent in Philadelphia, from whom he received the needful supplies, and immediately thereafter took a passage in a ship bound for London.

KEY TO ENGLISH GRAMMAR.*

WE lately noticed a new method of teaching grammar, invented by Mr. Mudie; and we have now to invite the attention of our readers to another ingenious mode of communicating grammatical instruction. Mr. King's object is to impart a knowledge of grammar in a way which shall be pleasant instead of irksome, and yet at the same time thoroughly ground the learner in the true principles of the science. His own account of his system is thus given:

"By the use of the Chart and Key together, the child may be taught to think clearly, and to perceive, that every term hath its proper meaning according to its place, thus avoiding a confusion of words and ideas, which creates a dislike to grammatical study seldom overcome in after life. The Key is divided into Two Parts:—the first contains a brief outline of the whole, just sufficient to lay a foundation for future additions, and to raise the curiosity, and encourage the child to know more. In the Second Part all the questions of the first are repeated without answers, that the lesson of yesterday may be shown as belonging to that of to-day; for when a child perceives that the lessons already acquired are important links to future acquisitions, it teaches him to discipline his memory, to bend it to his purposes, and make it both a servant and a friend. It may be proper to remark, that still more to assist the mind in its conceptions of the Verb, its Moods and Tenses, it was found desirable to run a regular Verb through all its changes, both actively and passively together, with the Neuter Verb, to Be. The advantages of such a Table when used, will so readily present themselves, that they need not be stated here. If so much has not been said as might have been, it is because it was not wished to burthen the memory by loading it with exceptions; it was deemed enough to mention that there were such, and the deficiency can easily be supplied by reference to grammars already in existence; or if it is found desirable, and should be called for, a Third Part may follow."

We have looked through the little work with much care, and consider it well adapted to promote the objects of the author. It possesses one great recommendation, namely, that of indirectly inculcating not only sound morality, but evangelical religion, the examples Mr. King gives being principally taken from the inspired volume.

* A Grammatical Chart, or a Key to English Grammar. By Walter William King. Houlston and Stoneman.

POETRY.

THE MOURNER'S SLEEP.

SLEEP, weary mourner! darkness veils the skies:
Sleep! there is silence in the midnight air;
'Tis long since slumber closed thy weeping eyes,
And smoothed thy brow of care.

Daughter of sorrow! 'tis the hour of rest,—
The hour when mortal tears may cease to flow;
Kind Nature lulls thee on her gentle breast;
Sleep, and forget thy woe!

Sleep!—there is joy upon thy faded brow—
Does fancy paint thy childhood's smiling years?
Or art thou dreaming of thy bridal vow,
Breathed amid joyous tears?

Perchance the grave gives up the loved and dead,
And dearest eyes upon thy slumber beam;—
Thou lovely widow, rest thy weary head!
Sleep, 'tis a blissful dream!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MOURNFULLY! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by.

It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die;
Of sunny smiles that set in tears;
And loves that mouldering lie.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.

The voices of the much loved dead
Seem floating thereupon;
All, all this fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
Its wild heart-broken minstrelsy,
Like love's last faint farewell!
It thrilleth through the heart its deep
And melancholy knell,
Waking the thoughts that bid us weep—
The grief we may not tell!

VARIETIES.

ORIGIN OF THE VIOLIN.—The violin had its origin in Italy, about the year 1600; but those which are esteemed of the greatest value were made at a later period, about 1650, at Cremona, by the family of A. and J. Amati, and their contemporary Stradivari, of the same place. These instruments are found to be very much superior to any that have been made since that time, which acknowledged excellence is chiefly attributed to their age. The Amati is rather smaller in size than the violins of the present day, and is easily recognised by its peculiar sweetness of tone.—*Dr. Busby's History of Music.*

A HINT TO DINERS IN THE CITY.—A stranger, dining with one of our very luxurious city companies, had himself helped to the first dish of meat that stood near him; being hungry, and making no calculations as to the choicer dishes which were to follow, he began to eat his slices of the plain joint with great gusto. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed an experienced glutton, who sat near him, "surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!"—*Book of Table Talk.*

BEES IN RUSSIA.—The training of bees, which, in the greater part of European countries, forms but an unimportant branch of rural economy, is in Russia, on the contrary, a source of existence to many entire communities. So large a quantity of wax is collected in the Russian empire, that independently of the domestic consumption, from 12 to 15,000 pounds weight are annually exported to foreign countries from the ports of the Baltic alone; while honey is no less an object of national importance, nearly the whole of Siberia being indebted for its supply to European Russia.

USE OF THE BIRCH.—A writer on school discipline says: "Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys smart."

ROYAL AND LORDLY TITLES OF HONOUR.—The title of *Dominus* appeared at first so insolent and haughty, that Augustus and Tiberius would not allow it to be given to themselves. Caligula first assumed it. Shortly after it was given, not only to emperors, but likewise to all governors and many courtiers. In France it was long given only to kings, and the epithet of *Senior*, that is *Elder*, to noblemen, equivalent to the English Ealdernan. *Dominus* was long used only of God and the King; at length it became common to all noblemen: it became in time corrupted into *Dam* for the male, and *Dame* for the female. The former has long been obsolete; but the latter is still used in France: hence *Madame* (my Lady) English, *Madam*. In law writings, Lord and Lady are still termed *Dominus* and *Domina*. The Spaniards abbreviate these into *Don* and *Donna*.—*Dame*, in English, is now applied to an old woman. From *Senior*, came *Seigneur*, *Monsieur*, *Sieur*, *Monsieur* (My Lord) *Sire* and *Messire*; also the Italian *Signor*, *Signora*, the Portuguese *Senhor*; and *Grand Seigneur*, a title applied to the emperor of the Turks, by the commercial and civil authorities of Naples, Venice, and Genoa. In the reign of Louis XII. and Francis I. in France, *Sire*, was a common title; whence our English *Sir*. *Sire*, since that time, has been appropriated to the French kings. The Franks for many ages took no other titles than the names of their manors or residence.

OYSTERS.—Oysters are such a favourite dish in France, that a native of that country often begins his dinner by swallowing half a hundred of them in a raw state. Under the strange title of the "Manual of the Amateur of Oysters," a treatise has been published at Paris, in which oysters are considered in every point of view, literary, medicinal, and gastronomic. They are subdivided into forty-six kinds; and we are quite flattered to find that the kind which is deemed most delicate frequently goes by the name of "the English oyster." The greatest fishery for oysters on the coast of France, is in the neighbourhood of the bay of Cancale.—The most celebrated and dearest oyster eating house in the world, is that of the *Roche de Cancale* at Paris. A quaint old author denounces oysters as being ungodly, uncharitable, and unprofitable meat; ungodly, because they are eaten without grace; uncharitable, because they leave nothing but shells; and unprofitable, because they must swim in wine.

AFRICAN RATS.—Rats are among the most formidable plagues of northern Africa. They are, if possible, more cruel than the human inhabitants, compared to whom our European rats may be considered the most civilized and polite creatures in the world. Among the Egyptians the most abusive epithets in the language are applied to rats; and among the Arabs there is a proverb which says, "Give me rather the roguery of a cat than the honesty of a rat." According to the report of ancient as well as modern travellers, it is no uncommon circumstance in Africa for whole families to be driven from their habitations by rats and mice.—*Alexander's Colonies of Africa.*

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